

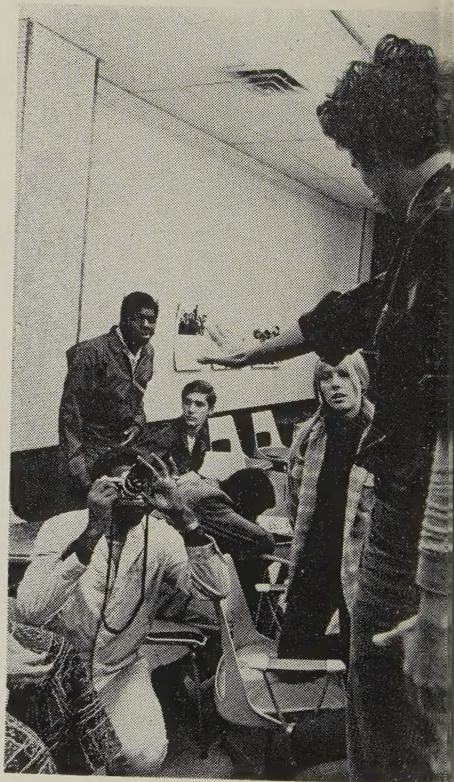
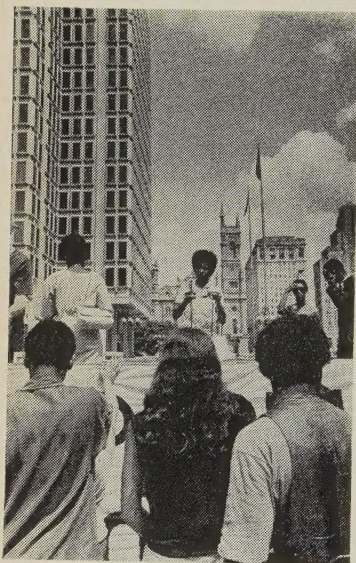
12
THE CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
HAMMOND LIBRARY
3757 UNIVERSITY AVENUE CHICAGO 97

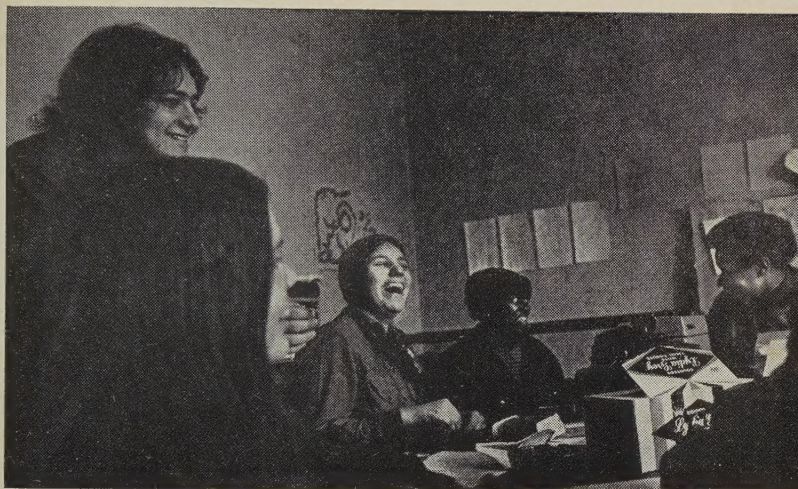
HOLBROOK LIBRARY
PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

Y
outh



school with- out t Walls





TEXT by Donald Cox/PHOTOS by Eileen Ahrenholz



It was a rap session. The ten school students are part of what some call the most innovative revolutionary school in the United States—the Parkway Program. Meeting in an abandoned Philadelphia elementary school over lunch hour, the students all expressed personal enthusiasm for being lucky enough to be a part of this educational experiment.

Colette von Moschizket, a 16-year-old transfer student from a private school, put it

this way: "In my former, fashionable, all-girls school, I felt cloistered and did not learn things that were relevant for this world."

Donita White, a 14-year-old black tenth grader, seconded Colette and also complained that her former public school "turned me off. Here we are one big happy family. There is no hostility. Everyone's together."

George Carnell, a long-haired, 17-year-old six-footer was vehement about why he was happy to be a part of the Parkway Program. "The public school has failed," he asserted. "We didn't get anything out of it. Learning was aimed at the wrong goals—like teaching us how many sheepherders there were in Kansas."

Liz Giancaterino, a 17-year-old Italian-American girl from South Philadelphia, added, "Our other

June 7, 1970

Editor: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.

Assoc. Editor: Laura-Jean Mashrick

Art Consultant: Charles Newton

Admin. Secretary: Clara Utermohlen

Secretary: Jane Popp

Editorial address: Room 806, 1505 Race
St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

YOUTH magazine
is published
for high school young people
of the
United Church of Christ
and
The Episcopal Church
An Horizons edition is published
for young people of the
Church of the Brethren

YOUTH is also
recommended for use
among young people of the
Anglican Church of Canada

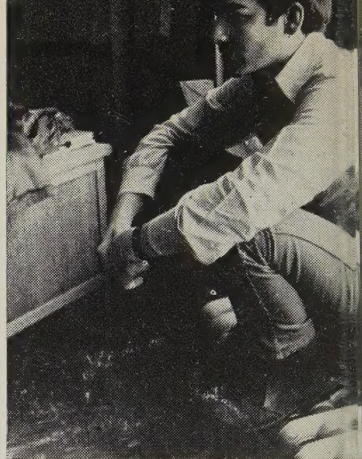
"Our other schools were too big. Here we can be a person."

schools were too big. We were just a number there at South Philly High with its 5000 students. Here we can be a person."

"We learn self-discipline here," said Donita. "You could waste a whole year here, but that is a rare occurrence."

"Yes," concurred Bob Hauptman, a 16-year-old junior. "Many, who had a 'goof-off' problem in their regular schools and had no sense of doing anything constructive, feel a real sense of accomplishment here. There is no incentive to beat the Parkway system because the educational system is not trying to beat us. We are the system."

The thing that these turned-on students liked most about Parkway was the attitude of the teachers.



"We have good communication with them," Donita added. "Neither we nor they are under a strain."

Liz agreed. "The teachers are real people, not condescending. They exchange ideas with us on a more equal basis."

"That's because most of them

YOUTH magazine is published every other week throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by the United Church Press. The Horizons Edition is distributed to Brethren youth by The General Board—Church of the Brethren.

Publication office:
1720 Chouteau Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo. 63103.
Second class postage
paid at Philadelphia,
Pa., and at additional
mailing offices. Accepted
for mailing at a special
rate of postage, provided
for in Section 1103, Act
of October 3, 1917,
authorized June 30, 1943.

Subscription rates:
Single subscriptions, \$3.00
a year. Group rates,
three or more to one
address, \$2.40 each. Sin-
gle copies, 25 cents each,
double issues, 50 cents.

Subscription offices:
United Church of Christ:
Division of Publication,
United Church Board
for Homeland Minis-
tries, 1505 Race St.,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102
Episcopal Church:
Circulation Department,
Youth magazine, Room
310, 1505 Race St.,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.
Church of the Brethren:
The General Board, 1451
Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill.
60120.

Copyright © 1970
by United Church Press

ng and can identify with us," ette observed.

They were fed up with the old em that shackled them as well is." George pointed out. "They 't go by the book in their teach- methods and what they do."

he magnetic attraction of the way Program for teachers was evidenced by the more than applications which came in n all over the country for the faculty openings available dur- the first year of operations. pective teachers were inter- ved by parents, students, admin- ative staff, and university interns were associated with the pro- m. Most of those who volun- ed to go through the tough se- ion process were in their twen- and had at least a BA degree heir chosen field.

Ormond Smyth, 24, one of five

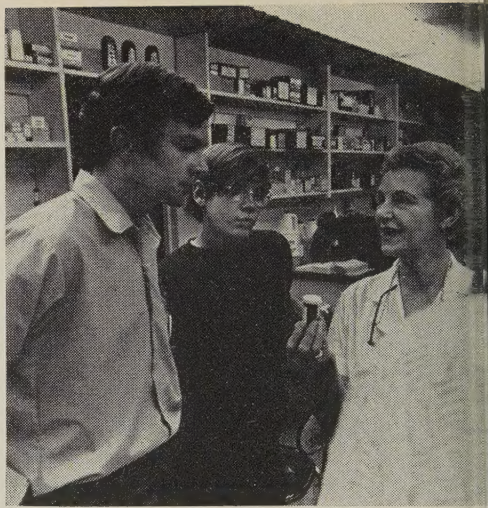
Antioch College graduates on the staff, likes his work as a tutorial teacher in his specialty of political science. "Our main job," he says, "is to help the kids order their own lives. Hardly anybody, including us teachers, is adequately equipped to handle freedom—and that is the heart of the matter."

The "homeroom" teachers are supplemented by various "non-teachers" from surrounding businesses, such as the Insurance Company of North America, the Bell Telephone Company, and the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, who double as part-time instructors when students come to visit their institutions on extended educational field trips. In all, the program lists 90 "cooperating institutions." It's basic to the school's philosophy that the city is the classroom and the life of the city is the curriculum.

On February 17, 1970, the Parkway Program celebrated its first anniversary by graduating its first eight students (80 more will graduate this June). The feel of the Parkway—its combination of concepts encompassing student freedom, informality, close student-teacher rapport, and being in touch with the reality of the outside world—was exemplified by the exuberance of students and parents at this first graduation, held at the Philadelphia Museum of Art's grand staircase. One of the male graduates marched up to get his diploma wearing a white Edwardian mod suit over a



Homeroom teachers are supplemented by "nonteachers" from private and public agencies.



**"There are a million ways
to learn and to teach."**

pink shirt with ruffles at the cuffs, and sporting a long Beatle-length hairdo. Some of the girls wore mini-skirts, and even the staff got into the act by congratulating the female graduates with a kiss on the cheek, instead of a handshake.

The commencement speaker was Dr. James E. Allen, the U.S. Commissioner of Education, who said that he was impressed with "the enthusiasm and commitment to change in education" on the part of the faculty and students in the program. "At a time when other schools are experiencing disruption, it is heartening to witness what the Parkway has achieved," he told the 800 Parkway students and guests.

The year-old Parkway "school-without-walls" is under the direction of Dr. John Bremer, a 42-year-old British-born educator. The first 143

students were selected in February 1969 by a lottery from over 100 applicants from the Philadelphia public and private school systems plus a few suburban applicants.

As a substitute for erecting a million modern high school buildings, the Parkway Program space in cultural institutions—such as Philadelphia's Franklin Institute, Academy of Natural Sciences, Free Public Library, Museum of Art—as well as rooms in other public and private agencies, such as hospitals, university labs, police departments, theaters, department stores, libraries, churches, YMCA, lunchettes, etc. Dr. Bremer says that the program has proved "there are a million ways to learn and a million ways to teach."

"It is clear that there is no learning without order," Dr. Bremer responds to critics who say his program is chaos. "We are unstructured here. We are mere

are held in places like the pharmacy of a nearby city hospital and at the
Gas Works. FAR LEFT: Dr. John Bremer, director of Parkway Program.

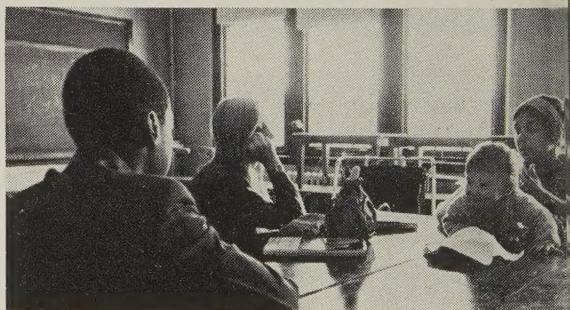
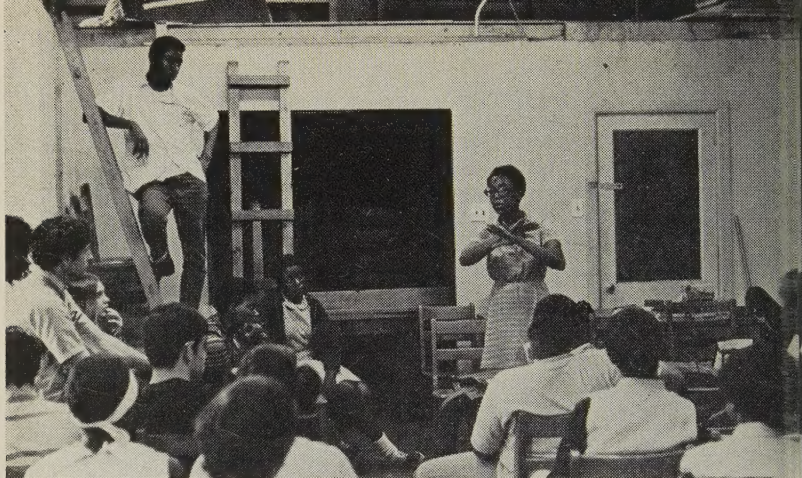


structured differently. On the other
hand, there is no learning without
order, a disorder in which the
student is involved in ordering. . . .
This gives our students a share of
responsibility for their own freedom
and an opportunity to formulate
their own learning experiences."
Our educational problem to-
day," Dr. Bremer believes is "to
find a balance between order and
disorder . . . so that we can help
America create an educational sys-
tem worthy of itself. Any educa-
tional system that says 'This is the
ONLY way to do something,' is
bound to fail."

Basic to the Parkway Program is
the philosophy that people learn
what they want to learn, not
what someone else imposes on them
and that they learn best by strug-
gling directly with the resources in
the world around them. "School is
not a place," concludes Dr. Bremer,
"but an activity, a process."

The present student body (60%
black and 40% white) is divided
into three units or "communities"
of about 250 each, with each unit
governed by weekly "town meet-
ings." At Parkway they believe that
more and better learning can occur
in smaller complexes than in large
city high schools with enrollments
in the thousands. "We do not suffer
from the curse of bigness with all
its stultifying side-effects," Bremer
points out. This is one reason why
there is no significant drug problem
within Parkway's student body and
why student smoking is on the de-
cline, "because we have reduced
the level of anxiety and hostility."

Colette stressed that learning at
Parkway is a "two-way street," since
it aids teachers as well as students.
"Our written and oral evaluations
are very important to us here, since
we also tell the teachers what we
think of them as well as listen to
what they think about us."



"There is no danger of becoming a dull automaton here," asserted George, "since we are all treated equally. We can get more through cooperation than by competition, yet we still have chances to exhibit our own individualism."

The three branches of the Parkway Program are named after the first three letters of the Greek alphabet: *Alpha* meets for its homeroom core activities in an old abandoned bank building; *Beta* convenes in a rented two-story office building; and *Gamma* meets in a former elementary school.

The curriculum is a mix of individual and group-oriented learning with all students involved in small tutorial units made up of 15 to 17 diverse (race, sex, and IQ) individuals instructed by one "homeroom" teacher, assisted by a university intern. The purpose of the tutorial program is to pull together the students' educational experiences acquired outside the four walls of their homeroom in the various Parkway institutions, and to integrate these outcomes into the instructional program. These sessions usually last for one hour each day.



OSITE: Child development teacher Esther Crystal brought baby to illustrate her instruction. ABOVE: Beta class decorates its headquarters room.

to meet basic state and college entrance requirements in math, history, English, and other "majors," students have a choice of several variations within the area of traditional formal subjects. For instance, there is no English 1, 2, 3, 4; instead one finds such courses as Black literature, filmmaking, anti-media journalism, or Shakespeare. The Parkway Program is not tied to college-prep-type curriculum, but also offers various vocational subjects: color photography, mechanics, secretarial sciences, painting.

"My course in the high school went to before," commented George, "had me rostered into certain classes by a computer. Here, we have an integrated curriculum that is partly of our own choosing. We do not sit chained to the blackboard and chalk all day."

Bernadette Smith, a black 15-

year-old sophomore, spoke up for the first time, "You can pick your own course here that you can relate to. We are not square pegs being forced into round holes."

Parkway gives no grades, but the staff simply evaluates its students in each course with a "satisfactory completion" of work performed for purposes of college-bound transcripts. Failures are not recorded. Of course, if you do not perform, you get no credits for that course. And sufficient credits are still required for graduation.

In some ways, Ormond Smyth feels it has been rough going this first year. "We need to wait and see if the school can survive politically in an urban setting, which is an external situation over which we have little control. Internally, however, we have been more successful in helping students to make important choices."

**"The teachers are real people,
not condescending."**

Although many parents were skeptical at first, most are now solidly behind the program. Opposition has come from certain powerful members of City Council who do not understand the nature of the program and would like to see it cut from next year's school budget. Calling it a "crazy experiment," the council president is a firm believer in the old "neighborhood school" concept and has no faith in any new educational concepts such as the Parkway Program.

There's no objective way to evaluate how much and how well Parkway students are learning. Besides, Dr. Bremer observes, "anything that can be measured is educationally worthless." As with all such educational pioneering, only time will tell how well students have been prepared to make it in the world beyond high school.

One experiment at the Parkway had to close down. It was the Paxson-Parkway elementary unit of 85 pupils which existed for less than four months from early September till Christmas 1969. While operational, this elementary branch gave high school students and teachers an opportunity to bridge the gulf between these two age levels of learning.

"It was beautiful to have the little kids here," wistfully commented George. "I had a third grade friend who knew me. He came out of his shell."

Liz agreed, "they taught us, since they adapted to this new system

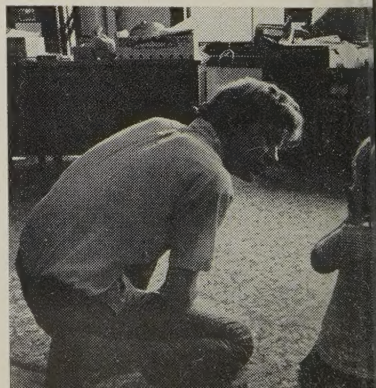
of learning faster than we did. We were more flexible."

"We high school students in the program got more enjoyment out of our learning as we tutored the little kids," said Donita.

"We got a feeling that we were helping to prepare them for the future," volunteered Thelma, 16.

"We all got a good feeling," interrupted. "For many, it was the first time they were helped in their lives. We were more together during the closing of the Paxson-Parkway experiment than at any other time in our lives." Many of the high school students testified at the televised school board meetings the two weeks in succession last December when the future of this schoolchild of their program was being debated by school officials. It was their first taste of being part of the political process, and although they lost the battle, they, in a sense, won the war, since they achieved a great deal of public sympathy and civic pride for their cause.

One of the more significant observations that an outsider is aware of after visiting the Parkway Program is the lack of racial animosity in this well-integrated school.



"It is not there at all," Bob said sadly.

"Out there in the system," Dennis observed, "the school administration and the students are constantly at each others' throats. The government (high school administration) doesn't want the students to have power."

Here, student power is equal to faculty power. That's one reason we also have racial understanding here, because no one is better than anyone else," George added.

Colette philosophized, "There is more respect here than at any other school in the city. Both we and the teachers learn to face facts."

"Right on," Bob said. "We can't have the teacher hate him to his face, not behind his back, and he can take it and be a better teacher for it."

"If a student is caught chewing gum in one of our classes," said one of the Parkway students with a chuckle, "the teacher here does

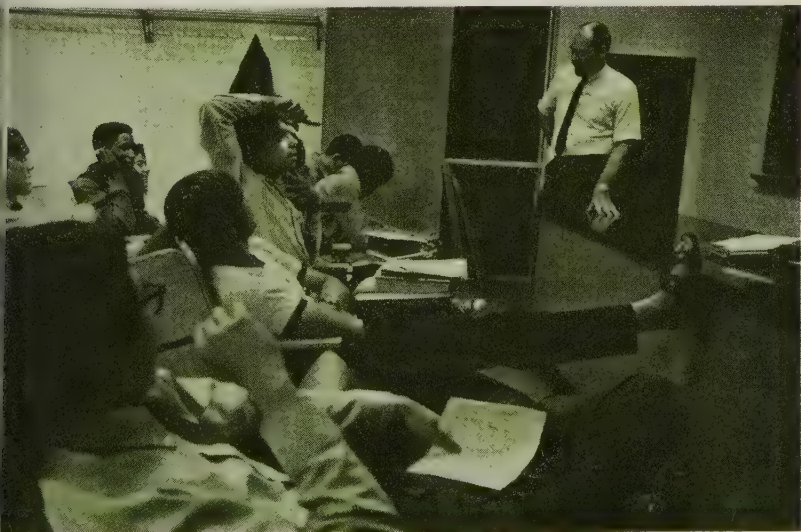
not say, 'Stop it!' but, 'Do you have another piece?'"

While the pluses outnumbered the minuses at Parkway, students were critical at some points. George felt that "some teachers have a problem of adapting to this new system, and a few just can't seem to make the transition from the old way of doing things."

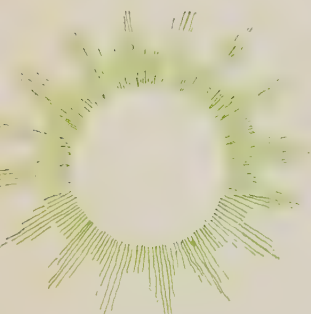
"It is harder for the teachers than for us," commented Colette, "because they are usually so set in their ways."

"But," said Donita, "here at least they try."

In his Parkway commencement address, Dr. Allen said that he hoped the ideas, spirit, and success of this unique educational program might soon spread through the nation in the same fashion as the fervor for independence that emanated from Philadelphia 200 years ago. This could be the prime legacy of the Parkway Program in the turbulent seventies.



BEYOND BABEL 2



BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE/One of the results of future development in communications technology will be a breakdown of the barriers between home and school, home and university—for in a sense the whole world may become one academy of learning—and even between home and place of work.

During the next decade we will see coming into the home a general purpose communications console comprising TV screen, camera, microphone, computer keyboard and hard-copy readout device. Through this, anyone will be able to be in touch with any other person similarly equipped. As a result, for an ever-increasing number of people—in fact, virtually everyone of the executive level and above—almost all travel for business will become unnecessary.

Recently, a limited number of the executives of the Westinghouse Corporation who were provided with primitive forerunners of the device, promptly found that their travelling decreased by 20%. This, I am convinced, is how we are going to solve the traffic problem—and thus, indirectly, the problem of air pollution. More and more, the slogan of the future will be, "Don't Commute—Communicate."

Living Without the Farm. It usually takes a genius to see the obvious, and I am indebted to Professor Buckminster Fuller for the



TOMORROW.

There are more predictions of British science writer, Arthur C. Clarke, from a recent UNESCO meeting on space communications. The first installment appeared in March 1, 1970 issue of YOUTH.) He wrote "2001: A Space Odyssey."

THE WORLD

Following ideas. One of the most important consequences of today's space research will be the development of life-support, and above all, food regeneration systems for long-duration voyages and for the establishment of bases on the Moon and planets. It is going to cost billions of dollars to develop these techniques, but when they are perfected they will be available to everyone.

This means that we will be able to establish self-contained communities quite independent of agriculture, anywhere on this planet that we wish. Perhaps one day even individual homes may become autonomous—closed ecological systems producing all their food and other basic requirements indefinitely.

This development, coupled with the communications explosion, means a total change in the structure of society. But because of the inertia of human institutions, and the gigantic capital investments involved, it may take a century or more for the trend to come to its inevitable conclusion. That conclusion is the death of the city.

We all know that our cities are obsolete, and much effort is now going into patching them up so that they work after some fashion, like 30-year-old automobiles held together with string and wire. But we must recognize that in the age that is coming the city—except for certain limited applications—is no longer necessary.

"The Global Village". The nightmare of overcrowding and traffic jams which we now endure is going to get worse, perhaps for our times. But beyond that is a vision of a world in which man is again what he should be—a fairly rare animal, though in instant communication with all other members of his species. Marshall McLuhan has coined the evocative phrase "the global village" to describe the coming society. I hope "the global village" does not really mean global suburb, covering the planet from pole to pole.

Luckily, there will be far more space in the world of the future because the land liberated at the end of the agricultural age—coming to a close after ten thousand years—will become available for living purposes. I trust that much of it will be allowed to revert to wilderness, and that through this new wilderness will wander electronic nomads of the centuries ahead.

It is perfectly obvious that the communications revolution will have the most profound influence upon that fairly recent invention—the nation-state. I am fond of reminding American audiences that their country was created only a century ago by two inventions. Before those inventions existed it was impossible to have a United States of America. Afterwards, it was impossible *not* to have it.

Those inventions, of course, were the railroad and the electric telegraph. Russia, China—in fact all modern states—could not possibly exist without them. Whether we like it or not—and certainly many people won't like it—we are seeing the next step in this process. History is repeating itself one turn higher on the spiral. What the railroad and the telegraph did to continental areas a hundred years ago, the jet plane and the communications satellite will soon be doing to the whole world.

Despite the rise of nationalism and the surprising resurgence of minority political and linguistic groups, this process may already have gone further than is generally imagined. We see, particularly among the young, cults and movements which transcend all geographical borders. The so-called "jet set" is perhaps the most obvious example of this trans-national culture, but that involves only a small minority. In Europe at least, the Volkswagen and Vespa sets are far more numerous and perhaps far more significant. The young Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians are already linked together by a common

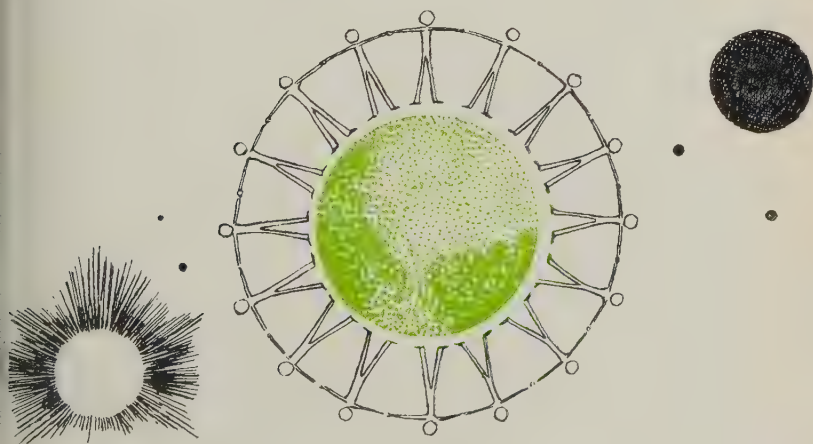
■ "Within 30 years, the birth of the first human child on another world will begin the real colonization of space." ■

munications network, and are impatient with the naive and simple-minded nationalism of their parents which has brought so much misery to the world.

What we are now doing—whether we like it or not—indeed whether we *wish* to or not—is laying the foundation of the first global society. Whether the final planetary authority will be an analogue of the federal systems now existing in the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. I do not know. I suspect that without any deliberate planning, such organizations as the world meteorological and earth resources satellite system, and the world communications satellite system (of which ELSAT is the precursor) will eventually transcend their individual components. At some time during the next century they will discover, to their great surprise, that they are really running the world.

There are many who will regard these possibilities with alarm or distaste, and may even attempt to prevent their fulfillment. I would remind them of the story of the wise king, Canute, who had his throne set upon the seashore so he could demonstrate to his foolish courtiers that even the king could not command the incoming tide.

The wave of the future is now rising before us. Wisdom lies in



BABEL

recognizing the inevitable—and co-operating with it. In the world that is coming, the Great Powers are not great enough.

The Colonization of Space. Finally, let us look at our whole world—as we have already done through the eyes of our moon-buggy cameras. I have made it obvious that it will be essentially one world—though I am not foolish or optimistic enough to imagine that it will be free from violence and even war. But more and more it will be recognized that all terrestrial violence is the concern of the police and of *no one else*.

And there is another factor which will accelerate the unification of the world. Within another lifetime, this will not be the only world and that fact will have profound psychological impact upon all mankind. We have seen in the *annus mirabilis* of 1969 the imprint of man's first footstep on the Moon. Before the end of this century, we will experience the only other event of comparable significance in the foreseeable future.

Before I tell you what it is, ask yourselves what you would have thought of the moon landing, 30 years ago. Well, before another 30 years have passed, we will see its inevitable successor—the birth of the first human child on another world, and the beginning of the real colonization of space. When there are men who do not look on Earth as home, then the men of Earth will find themselves drawing closer together.

Whether or not one takes it literally, the myth of the Tower of Babel has an extraordinary relevance for our age. Before that time, according to the book of Genesis (and indeed according to some anthropologists), the human race spoke with a single tongue. That time may never come again, but the time will come—through the impact of comsats (communications satellites)—when there will be one or three world languages which all men will share. Far higher than the misguided architects of the Tower of Babel even could have imagined—36,000 kilometres above the equator—the rocket and communications engineers are about to undo the curse that was then inflicted upon our ancestors.

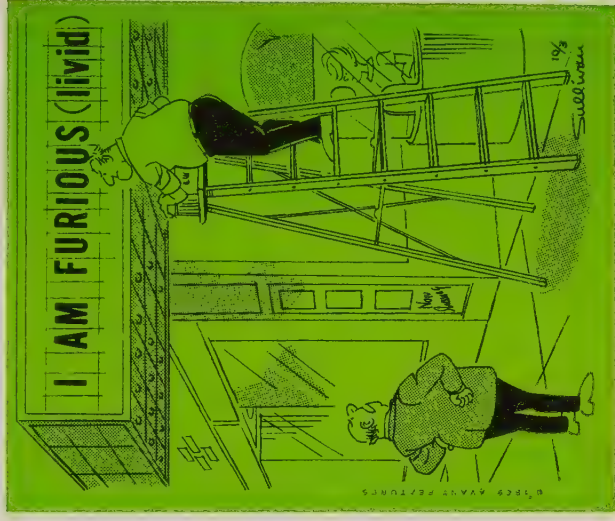
"It may take a century or more, but the death
of the city is inevitable

SOUL Chuckles

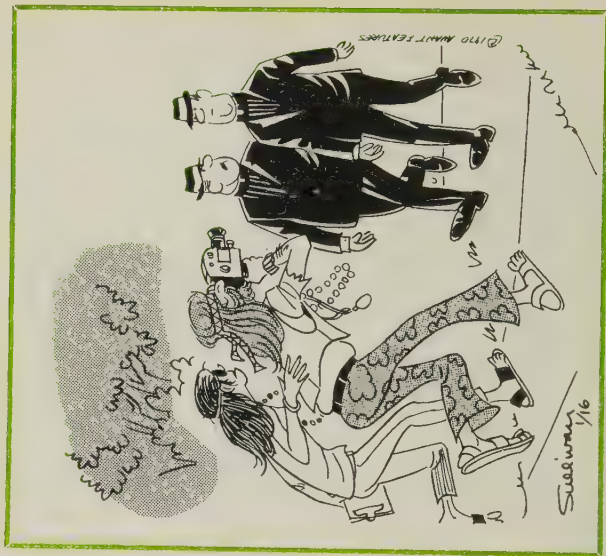
By Sullivan



"... And that's how we prove the existence of God—
any questions?"



"Do me a favor—struggle with your
religious convictions AFTER you get the



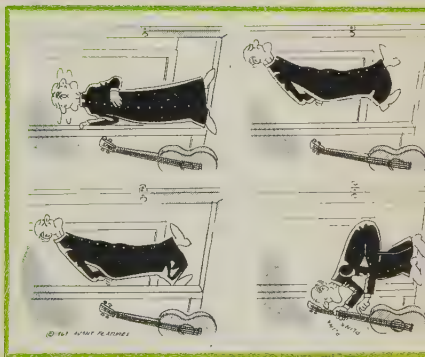
"I think we better find out exactly what kind of religious movie they're making!"



"That's an interesting analysis of St. Paul's personality"



"Here he comes. I suppose we can expect a sermon!"



"I told it like it is, and they all yawned like it wasn't."

Individual

I DO MY THING, AND YOU DO YOUR THING.
I AM NOT IN THIS WORLD TO
LIVE UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS
AND YOU ARE NOT IN THIS
WORLD TO LIVE UP TO MINE.
YOU ARE YOU AND I AM I,
AND IF BY CHANCE WE FIND
EACH OTHER,
IT'S BEAUTIFUL.

Frederick S. Perls

Sounds like a groove, doesn't it? I mean, to be able to know your own self and your own head and your own personal corner of the universe. Sounds like a really beautiful thing, right? You are a separate thing from me, and I am totally other than you, and we owe each other nothing, and only if a chance meeting takes place do we meet. And that's called beautiful.

Sorry, pal.

I'm sorry for many reasons. I mean, Fritz Perls is a kind of hero to me. He's the father of what we in "the trade" call Gestalt Therapy. He's one of the really grand old men of humanistic psychology. He's a turned-on, loving, caring, wonderful old man, and I've never met him. Oh, I've seen him. At one of the stuffy meetings we psychologists have to attend I saw him, and I heard him speak, and I observed him: love in action. Wearing a red velvet guru shirt, five or six love-beads about his neck, his white hair flying, and a beard down to his buttons: he was a wonder to see and I would have given a bucketful of glory to shake

Realism IS A SELFISH LUXURY

BY JACK H. BRENNECKE

his hand, look him in the eye and say, "Dr. Perls, you are one of the beautiful people. Make me one too!" He greets his old friends, Doctor this or Doctor that, with a hug, a real, honest-to-God bear hug. No pretensions or phoniness about him. A real man, a real loving, caring human being: the kind of person I try to be (not always successfully), and what I point my students and my therapy clients toward.

But, I'm sorry he said the thing I've quoted him as saying. Oh, I believe it! I really do. But, it could be taken so wrongfully. It could turn so many people aside that I wish he hadn't said it and I wish it weren't being quoted and said by so many people.

Why?

Because it's a luxury attitude in a time and world that is almost out of time.

I've written a lot of articles for this magazine and some of the people who read my first one are now married or in college or in the bush in Viet Nam and you are already a

new generation, you who are reading this.

I'm smack in the middle of a book, two books, to be exact. They will come out in January 1971. They will be good books. I wouldn't bother to mention them if I didn't think they were. In June of 1969 I wrote your editor to say I couldn't write anymore for this magazine because of the books. But the world has taken some really freaky turns since then. The books are still coming out. But, I've got a real burning inside me and I must write this to the few of you who are reading this. And I hope it turns on the burners inside you.

The thing that most people will get out of the Fritz Perls quotation is that we lead separate and private lives. That used to be possible and even healthy. It isn't anymore.

Do you know how many people there are in this world? There are over 3½ billion people on this planet. Three more are being born somewhere in the world each and every second! This isn't a plea for population control, though I'm into that scene also.

You belong to a very special group of people. You belong to the generation under 25 that is very shortly to be in a dominant and controlling situation. You are very important. You are the leaders of the world of tomorrow or the day

after. What we do and say enact will affect your lives urgently. You are the heirs to not-very-bright future!

"This dude is senile and paranoid and carrying a 'The-End-of-World-Is-Near!' placard!" sez "Not so!" sez I.

I'm just over that Age-30 that most of you disregard, but work every single day with kids you or just a couple years older than you. I like to think I'm very much in touch.

Yours is a generation of carers or so you say. You make millions out of Dylans and Lennys and Baezes and others who sing tell about loving, caring, saving and believing. Well, I want to take them very seriously!

On the surface, you are out there in the streets: protesting, demonstrating, cursing the police and "Establishment" and damning "System" for not valuing human life. You "act as if" human life and human worth are very, very big to you. Yet, many of you, too many

Too many of you withdraw from human experience—you don't really see what's going on around you



ou, withdraw from human ex-
perience. You turn on to electron-
y-amplified music and drugs
fantasies and you don't really
what's going on around you.

amples? Okay. A group of
'beautiful people' on my cam-
proclaiming loudly how they
about human life and the
tivity of the individual. What are
into? They want a Coffee
se. Sounds groovy, right? But,
goes on in that Coffee House?
ad of being "out there" where
hurt is, where the alienation
loneliness is, these people will
itting inside the womb of their
ee House, sipping coffee and
s, smoking a lot, listening to
c that is really noble and
ad-on to the world of love and

But, the most that many of
will do is to tell *each other*
beautiful people they are, and
people outside, those in the

out-group—the blacks, the poor,
the confused, the alienated, the
straights—will stumble blindly from
class to lunch and back to class
again! That's caring?

If the caring people really care,
then they can't closet themselves
up in their exclusive little holes and
turn a deaf ear to the really needy
people outside. They can't turn the
volume up on "Bridge Over Trou-
bled Waters" and be for real about
it! It's phoney! It's as hypocritical
and de-humanized as they accuse
the Establishment of being.

"Oooh, he's bitter!" sez you.

"Not yet," sez I. "But, I'm get-
ting there!"

You have been appraised by
social scientists who know what
they're looking at, and the ap-
praisal is that you are developing
a condition called "Privatism."

Scary? Is there a cure? Is it infectious?

Yes, it should be scary. Yes, it's infectious, and Yes, there's a cure.

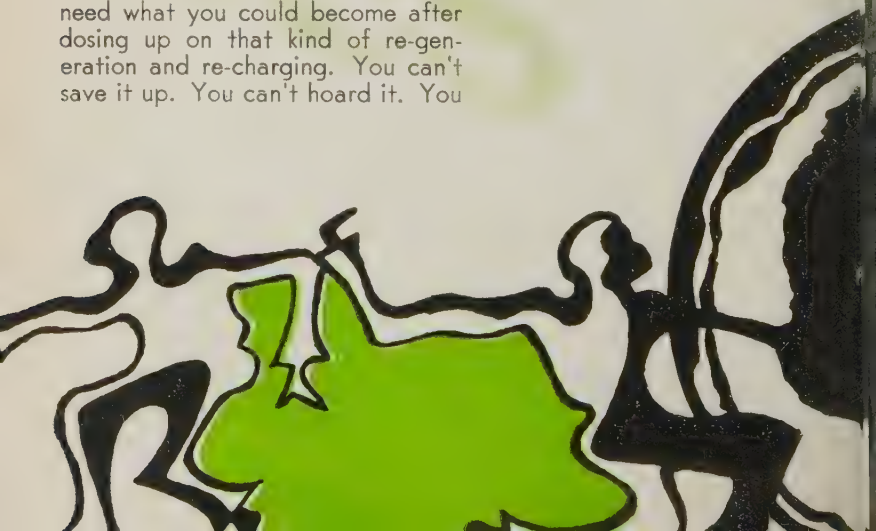
Privatism is the condition that develops when people turn off to the world, to life. It's what happens when people turn inside and get all their kicks from their own experiences and shut out and shut off everything else. It's infectious because it's such an easy way out that many others will flock to it. Other people who look around and see nobody getting together, nobody seeming to care, they shrug and decide nobody or nothing's worth bothering about. So, they go inside: not inside merely a Coffee House, but inside themselves.

A certain amount of "going inside" is beautiful. We all ought to be able to do it. Inside are a whole month's supply of answers, resources, peace, and security. But, many of you want to stay in there.

And too many of us "outside" need what you could become after dosing up on that kind of re-generation and re-charging. You can't save it up. You can't hoard it. You

can't keep it to yourself: not if you really mean what you say about caring and being a loving human being.

The crying need today, in our going and bursting and polluting world, is for caring, concerned, giving, outgoing, human beings. We are going through a period of crisis. Each of us is coming to the point where we doubt our significance as worthwhile, meaningful, peaceful. This problem cannot be solved by letting each person go into his shell and remain in there. I laughed a few years back at the idea of your parents' generation building bomb shelters and huddling up inside them, shooting others who tried to get in. But, it seems my trained and weary eyes - this is what too many of you are doing, too! Instead of bomb s



**Turning inward is phony! It's an
excuse for caring!**

you hole up inside your private worlds. You deny entry to the who most need you and what have. Some of you carry the of Christians. I can't for the of me find any place in scrip- where Jesus ever did this! "holed" himself up in the wilder- for a 40-day stretch, but he ce back and shared the strength peace and love he gained from experience. In Gethsemane, went through another lonesome od, but this was because he dn't find anybody to go into ith him. And, there are those esome valleys" we do have to through alone. But, anytime ving or caring person went up he mountain top to get strength, commune with the sources of

life and courage, they came back down to the valley below to spread it around, to lay it on those who couldn't make the climb. Now, that's a kind of religious life I can dig. The exclusive, Country Club brand of religion leaves me absolutely cold and uninterested.

Even if you don't fancy yourself as really religious, you may like to think of yourself as "nice" or somebody who cares. Well, the time is getting short, my friend. You need to show it. Not prove it, just demonstrate it.

This nation of ours is in a crisis, or haven't you noticed? Racism (and I believe it's a true indictment), poverty, exploitation, love of violence, love of cruelty, fear of loving, fear of commitment, fear of decision-making: these only begin to describe the problems my generation is handing over to you. We may have fumbled the ball in handling them: don't you make the same mistake!





I said there was a cure. I'm sorry, I don't usually use words like "cure." A cure assumes getting completely rid of the disease or problem. At best, there is a way of combatting and ridding ourselves of the problems. And the answer is not Privatism.

To you who say, "What can I, one pimply little punk, do?" I have to say, first, stop seeing yourself as a pimply little punk! You are a very important bit of humanity. Especially are you important if you are at all sensitive to the things I'm describing. If my words have stung you a bit, if you cry real tears at the hatred and the bigotry, if the ending of *Easy Rider* left you with a lump in your throat and desire to stop such senseless hatred: you are one of the carers. But you, being sensitive, are also capable of being hurt, of being bruised, of being pushed aside. Well, you just have to hang in there! You have to care more about getting rid of these problems than you do about preserving your skin or your sensitivities.

The uncaring ones, the insensitive ones, won't try. They have no concern for the problems. They will

move on up to positions of power of political leadership, of economic strength, and they will increase problems a hundred times more.

So, you have to try harder. You have to be willing to go through hurt and disappointment and rejection and failure. The things that matter don't come easily. You have to keep your head in the stars and your feet squarely on the ground. You have to catch hold of the vision of that kooky Don Quixote in *The Man From La Mancha*, and let *The Impossible Dream* be your theme song—to reach for the unreachable star! Find a friend who has this record and, listen to the totally unrealistic, but totally urgent words.

That's what's needed today. The story comes from centuries past, but the need is right now. You can laugh this off as the poetry of a clamoring of a hopeless dream because it's not a hopeless dream who's addressing this to you. As a psychologist, I see hurt and pain and hopelessness and alienation all around me. I see it in the mental health clinic, true; but I also see it in college classrooms and outside the Free Speech Area on our campus.

NG is An Allgoing thing

You owe it to yourself to be the fullest, most effective, most human human being you can be.

hs. I see it in the hundreds and thousands of young people who march for something, someone, some ideal to reach for.

The ideal I am talking about is to recover your own humanity. You don't owe the world or any other person one single thing. But, you owe it to yourself to be the fullest, most effective, most *human* human being you can be. Lots of people, lots of things, lots of ideas, and lots of programs will try to seduce and detour you. But you can become everything you potentially are. You can decide for Life. You can say "yes" to human existence and say "no" to the cheap and silly and meaningless garbage that comes your way every day.

Ah, but how?

how?

how?

how?

That question again! It's that very question that is the doorway to just how separated we are from our humanity. Black students voice their complaints and well-meaning white kids shout:

"How?" "What can I (or we) do?" The black student or worker who is discovering his own identity didn't ask these questions: he simply got himself "together." He figured out who he was, what that meant, and did what that identity indicated he should do.

So, get yourself "together." If that's being translated by some of you as "find out where your head's at," fine, but "head" doesn't mean drugs or intellectual power. The only power I can speak for now is "Person Power." The power, the ability, the potency, the courage, the strength, and the will that comes from knowing very deep-down, and very real, just what being human is all about.

Specifically, you do this by warming other people's cold, cold existences. You got some warmth? Share it. Show it. Give it to somebody else: by a kind word, a friendly gesture, a supporting touch, a warm glance, a human deed. Somebody needs encouragement? Encourage them. Let them know you're with them; you may not be

**We need a time or place in which to laugh
to cry, to be alone . . . but most of all,
need each other.**

the most important person in the world, but you're one person. You also de-emphasize your private world when you know it's keeping you out of where it's happening. Inside, it's warm and cozy and safe: but out here in the real world, it's cold and rough and dangerous at times. Come out and play!

Stop belly-aching about other people's apathy and check out your own. If you're holding back from full and free involvement in things that matter, people or programs, then you may just have to jump in with both feet. Stop pointing to other people's prejudices, weaknesses, insincerity, insecurity: recognize that each of us is all of these things. But recognize also that each of us is more, too! We are

also capable of great kindness, concern, affection, sensitivity, empathy, love, and hopefully, action. There is a world of cold and lonely, frightened and lost, alienated and turned-off people around you. They don't need sermons, chemicals, money, or welfare programs as much as they need really committed, caring persons. We need friendship. We need people to laugh with. We need a place to sob off when we have a gripe. We need a shoulder to cry on. We need a time or place in which to laugh. We need, too, a time or place to be alone, but mostly we need each other.

Okay, that's all I can say. Mostly the "how?" is up to you. However

COME



s to be done, you have to do it
our own way: that much of the
to your own thing" philosophy is
ry real.

A word to you: it's rough going.
ie temptation to turn aside, to
t off the world, to rest in one
ace: very strong. But, you aren't
one. It's a trip, this finding your
yn humanity and actively living
d sharing it, that many, many
ople are taking. You have lots of
company.

To cop-out with drugs, or by
tling for money or material se-
rity, is to deny your humanity.
ou are then settling only for those
ings that meet your lowest-level
eds, your animal needs. We're
animals, but we are human ani-
als. We have choice, we have
ought, we have courage, we have
ide, we have confidence in and
ncern for ourselves and others.

It's easy to forget these things.
s easy to settle for being less

than what we're capable of being.
Many people do it. They become
lower animals, and a few—the drug-
freaks—become vegetables. But, a
very wise man told me something,
when I was once tempted to settle
for a vegetable-like, easy-way-out,
existence, and here it is, for what
it's worth:

"I'd rather be a man in pain
than a cabbage in ecstasy"
PEACE



AND PLAY!

REACTION TO "PEACE" ISSUE

Please cancel my subscription to YOUTH magazine. Your ideas are much too liberal for me and I get tired of reading about avoiding the draft and all that trash about peace. I think you should be tried for treason. —C.R./Chattanooga, Tenn.

Congrats on the most outstanding issue of YOUTH I've seen! (March 15-29, 1970, "Peace" issue) Beautiful, man, beautiful! Can you send me a couple of prints (@ \$1.25 each) of the peace poster? Would like to put them on a couple of subway walls!

—R.B./New York, N.Y.

A week ago I heard President Nixon decide to send troops into Cambodia. My first reaction was shock—I slammed my fist on the table . . . I cried. I then controlled myself and wrote a letter to the President, telling him of my anger.

I wasn't alone in my thoughts.

Now I cry for four Kent State University students and the Cambodian soil turned red with American blood. I never thought that in the U.S.A. there would be guns and troops on campus ready to kill at the first sneer.

I have trouble finding people who will listen when I try to explain my thoughts on the situation. I just can't keep my opinions to myself. To me, that would be a cop-out. When I try to talk, no one listens. Their minds are closed.

"Students have no right to protest!" . . . "If that was my college!" . . . "Those stinking, long-haired

drug addicts!" I hear those more. They surround me until the only one in a crowd of hate with a peace sign.

In September I will attend first semester of college. O C I PRAY there will be nothing to protest.

Your peace issue of YOUTH more important than ever. I thank you for what you are doing. O keep you.—J.F./New Tripoli, Fed

As usual, an excellent issue (March 15-29). But I must comment on the interview involving Rufus Coleman from Detroit. He says: "they're spending billions . . . and 'How can they do this?'" What is the "they" getting all the blame

Apparently, he means the government is the mysterious mis-maker. But the government is the people. Who are the people? white, 11% black. Just like Rufus makes demands, I demand that he take his 11% share of the blame. Or, is that only where free government money is concerned? (The last sentence was uncalled for, unfair, but I get so tired of being the big bad "they" with no conscience and no eyes to see.)

I hope Rufus reads the rest of your issue and then re-evaluates his position. Really, he is just as motivated as those who close their eyes and hope the problems of the world will vanish. How can two big people ever get together to even talk, much less solve problems?

"Let there be peace"—not only in countries at war, but in hearts in discord. —S.C./Juneau, Alaska

The March 15-29, 1970 YOUTH contained two poems by
father and son entitled "A Young Poet Gets a
'Straight' Answer . . . from His Father."

Following is a response from one
reader (an adult).

ODE TO A CREWCUT

The prospect of middle-age
Must have seemed rosy, to you
in the 1940's
As you fathered the Instant Remedy
(Let us set the record straight . . .)

PROBLEM	SOLUTION
Nervous Tension	Cigarettes
Pesky Bugs	DDT
Lard Bellies	Cyclomates
Hair Washing	Crew Cuts
Obnoxious Offspring	TV
Dissenters	Joe McCarthy
Love	Hallmark Cards
Kids	The Pill
Stress	Tranquilizers
Depression	Booze

(Let me make one thing clear . . .)

The game is in overtime,
And we are tiring . . .

(The Middle East and Vietnam,
our rotting cities,
our sickening air,
our terrifying streets,
our clogged traffic,
our soaring prices.)

We ask,
Your kind permission
To protest.

—ROHN ENGH

a

prayer

A prayer is anything you feel at a moment's notice:

*"Oh God—do I have any right to celebrate Life;
when so many others are denied it?"*

**A prayer is a bunch of meaningless words offered up—
in hopes of finding their meaning:**

*"Look Lord . . . can I ask . . . I'm so well off . . . will I
ever reach my mind, my arms . . ."*

A prayer is a humiliation, a facing of reality:

"God, I need you more than anyone else I love. Yet . . ."

A prayer is an expression of an experience:

*"Lord, I was merely playing super-martyr,
can you forgive me?"*

A prayer is a curse to the clouds:

"Those darn tourists!"

A prayer is a desire:

*"Christ, this kid needs my company so much, and
frankly he turns me off."*

A prayer should be.

—BECKY SCHLEMMER

Parma, Ohio